

SAVE THE KEYNOTE

Roosevelt Announces Administration's Policy.

TRUSTS AND TARIFF.

President Says One Cannot Be Corrected by Revising the Other.

New Conditions Brought Good and Evil Requiring Control Under an Equitable System Which Will Be Effective and Do No Injury—Unmistakable Exposition of the President's Position Regarding Momentous Questions of the Day.

President Roosevelt chose his visit to Chicago as the occasion of an important address upon questions of administration policy. His speech was intended to indicate the attitude of himself and the administration toward the trusts. In view of the widespread agitation which has been aroused by President Roosevelt's relative and abstract remarks upon the trusts and tariff questions, his Chicago speech arises to the proportions of a momentous declaration.

The President spoke as follows:

To-day I wish to speak to you on the subject of trusts and tariffs, which are subjects of such importance to the people of this country. I wish to speak to you on these subjects in a way which will be clear and simple, and which will be effective. I wish to speak to you on these subjects in a way which will be effective and do no injury to the people of this country.

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Evil with the Good.

Whenever great social or industrial changes take place, no matter how much good there is, there is also some evil. It is the duty of the government to see that the good is not lost, and that the evil is not allowed to grow. It is the duty of the government to see that the good is not lost, and that the evil is not allowed to grow.

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THE FARM AND GARDEN

Mustard in Grain Fields.

Evaporated or Dried Potatoes.

Table for Handling Grapes.

Three Boys Buried Alive.

Boy Accidentally Shot at Honor.

Brief State Happenings.

Farm Notes.

Flowering by Steam.

Shows Lack of Phosphate.

MIRROR OF MICHIGAN

FAITHFUL RECOUNTING OF THE LATEST NEWS.

Found with His Throat Cut—Jealous Chicago Man Kills His Rival—Suicide to Prevent the Collection of Village Taxes at Eau Claire.

Kills to Stop a Wedding.

Don't Want Village Taxes Collected.

Cutting Up a Hog.

The May Press.

Kills Off the Chickens.

Sowing Clover in Corn.

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PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

COAL MINERS ARE UNDERPAID.



By Rev. Rufus A. White, of Chicago.

The demand for better wages is just. Coal mining is the most dangerous of all occupations. The coal miner is not only paid less than the average workman, but he is also the most underpaid. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor.

What are the miners paid for this kind of work? On an average about \$300 per year—the poorest paid labor in the country. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor. The coal miner is the only man who is paid less than the cost of his labor.

My sympathies are with the miners because before the strike was called President Mitchell agreed to submit the matter to an arbitration board. The only of the operator was to be the arbitrator. There is nothing to arbitrate. Mr. Mitchell agreed to submit the matter to an arbitration board. The only of the operator was to be the arbitrator. There is nothing to arbitrate.

TUBERCULOSIS IS CURABLE.

By Dr. H. M. Biggs, New York's Health Officer.

Tuberculosis is infectious and communicable, but a tuberculosis patient may live in the same room, for days or years, with a healthy person without danger to the latter. If proper precautions are taken, the danger is from the air, and not from the patient. The danger is from the air, and not from the patient. The danger is from the air, and not from the patient.

Tuberculosis is absolutely preventable, and its preventability is simply putting into effect simple rules of conduct. It is a question solely of scrupulous cleanliness in regard to expectoration and disinfection of surroundings which have once housed the disease. It is not only preventable, but curable. It is the most insidious of all diseases. A specialist may declare no indications of it whatever and in a few weeks it may be manifest to any one. When there is any question one examination is not enough. Where a cough continues for more than six or eight weeks, in a large majority of cases, there is back of that cough a tuberculosis focus. When any one talks to you about chronic bronchitis and continued coughs make up your mind that in a majority of cases a tuberculosis focus is back of it. Then is the time to establish this fact, for then it is easily curable; later it may not be.

DEGENERACY OF NEW YORK'S FOUR HUNDRED.

By Henry Watterson, Editor Louisville Courier-Journal.

The term "smart set" was adopted by the smart set from a more odious description. The distinguishing trait of the "smart set" is its moral anarchy. It makes a business of defying and overlooking conventional restraints upon its pleasures and amusements. Being titled after a rule, and either rich in fact or getting money by other means, it sits itself above the law, both human and divine. Its women are equally depraved with its men. They know all the dirt the men know. They talk freely with the men of things forbidden the decent. The women of this smart set no longer pretend to recognize virtue, either in female or male. It is a badge of dishonor, a sign of the crude and raw, a deformity, which, if tolerated at all, must carry some promise of amendment. In London and in Paris, and at Monte Carlo.

IRELAND'S NEW VICEROY.

The Earl of Dudley Owns 36,000 Acres of Rich Land in England.

The new viceroy of Ireland, the Earl of Dudley, is 36 years old and wealthy. He owns 36,000 acres in England, including tracts of rich mineral-bearing land, and he also has estates in Jamaica and is the master of immense iron works. The social graces which are his are the son of George, Comptroller of Dudley, who has not yet lost her beauty, have been developed by travel all over the world. Best of all, in the countess whose good looks are nearly as renowned as those of her handsome mother-in-law, and who may be trusted to shine as mistress of the viceregal lodge at Dublin.

Like most healthy young Englishmen of rank, Lord Dudley is fond of both sport and war. He is president of the ultra-feminine Ranelagh Club—over the representatives of which the American polo players who went over this year won their first victory—and, as major of the Worcestershire Yeomanry, he saw hard service in the South African campaign.

The civil duties in Dublin will be mostly of a social nature, and it is well that he is wealthy, for his outlay in this regard will be enormous, reaching probably \$500,000 a year.

NOTED NEGRO AUTHORS.

Mrs. Dunbar Gaining Renown in the World of Letters.

Among the negro women of the United States Mrs. Paul Laurence Dunbar holds a leading place. Not only is she the wife of a writer, but she herself is an authoress, whose works have come in for a good share of a favorable notice. Her first book was published in 1895, under the title "Poems and Other Tales," and in 1899 another work, "The Poems of Paul Laurence Dunbar," was published. She is a remarkably successful writer of short stories and a regular contributor to some of the leading magazines of the country. At one time she was engaged in newspaper work in Chicago, and in 1895, at the time of her

CHAMPION BEAR HUNTER.

Maj. Boho, of Mississippi, Has Killed 200 Bears in Ten Years.

The greatest bear hunting region and the champion bear hunter are both to be found in Mississippi, and Maj. Boho is the champion of the country in that line of sport. In 1885 the major killed 20 bears and his two sons killed over 20. He lives the greater part of the year at the bear belt, of which he knows every foot. His own plantation embraces 1,300 acres. To reach his mansion it is necessary to ride twenty miles on horseback or buckboard. Within the last ten years he has killed 304 bears. He keeps thirty bear dogs and forty-two deer hounds.

After saying all she wants is justice, a woman proceeds to kick if her photograph is a good likeness.

EARTHQUAKE'S STRANGE FREAK.

During an earthquake which recently wrought havoc in the Eastern Caucasus, causing a commotion that was felt from Tiflis to the Caspian Sea and from the Caucasus to the north of Persia, the town of Schenacha was practically ruined, every prominent building being either wholly or partly destroyed, including the Russian church, the roof and cupola of which were turned topsy turvey in a singular manner. Photographs were taken of the various ruined buildings, among which were seven mosques, soon after the disaster, and the accompanying picture was found to be the most curious and the most interesting of all. Why the upper part of the church was less able to bear the shock of the earthquake than the lower part is a problem which has not yet been solved.

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GERM LIFE STUDIED.

DISEASE-PRODUCING BACILLI UNDER THE MICROSCOPE.

Raised in an Incubator. Very Particular in Regard to Food—Millions of the Little Creatures in Air, Food and Water.

As a result of patient research and experimentation on the part of such men as Koch, Pasteur, Frankel, Abbot, Ehrlich, and many other scientists in this country and Europe, the physician of today is enabled to go direct to the primary causes of disease and by the aid of perfected microscopes and apparatus determine to be pursued. In the larger cities laboratories have been established where the practicing physician, who otherwise on account of the heavy expense of equipping a private laboratory would be unable to take advantage of this valuable adjunct to his profession, can have specimens taken from his patients, investigated under the skilled eye of the trained pathologist.

A newspaper correspondent was recently permitted to see the inside workings of a modern "bug plant," where the ubiquitous germ is grown, raised, nourished, and finally studied.

In all the varied phases of its short destructive life.

Entering the main room, filled with bottles of chemicals and uncanny-looking apparatus, the first object to strike the visitor's eye is a strange-looking metal box under which burns a tiny gas flame. Readers who attended the Pan-American Exposition will remember the incubator on the Midway in which babies were nourished and raised. Here was another incubator, but in place of brightly-lit children, colonies of infinitesimal disease-dealing germs were being brought to life. Before the suspected germ specimen is placed in this incubator it must be thoroughly prepared and placed on a proper culture medium, or breeding ground. Different germs thrive on different foods, so it is necessary, in order to successfully raise a family of this particular branch of the bug family, to select a suitable food. The average germ is a great lover of beef bouillon for the main course of his dinner, while others skip the substantial, going direct to dessert and making the

harmless compounds. The following table compiled by leading American authorities on the subject gives an idea of the number of these wiggling little creatures the average person drinks in a day:

Exceptionally pure water contains 10 germs to each 15 drops.

Very pure water contains 100 germs to each 15 drops.

Pure water 1,000 germs are present.

Poor water 10,000 germs present.

And when water contains 1,000,000 to 50,000,000 germs to each 15 drops, it is considered very bad, and unsafe to drink.

Give it to the Wrong Girl.

A beautiful young lady, a member of the smart set, went into a Newport drug store and asked the druggist if it was possible to disguise castor oil.

"It's a hard job, to take you know," said the young lady with a shudder.

"Why, certainly," said the druggist, and just then, as another young lady was taking some soda water, he asked her if she wouldn't have some, too. After drinking it the young lady lingered a moment and finally observed:

"Now tell me how you would disguise castor oil?"

"Why, madam, I just gave you some."

"My gracious me!" exclaimed the young lady, "why, I wanted it for my sister!"—Elfrida Perkins' Lectures.

Temperatures in Rising.

The average temperature of Great Britain has risen 1.3 degrees within the last half century. January is now nearly three degrees warmer than it was.

Languages Used in Switzerland.

Of the population of Switzerland 71.3 per cent speak German, 21.4 French and 5.9 Italian.

Next Lesson—"Crossing the Jordan."—Josh. 3:9-17.

Clinging Weight.

"You must have enjoyed good health at the country place you boarded. They tell me when you left you weighed ten pounds more than when you came."

"Yes, there was that much gain on my shoes."

Not a Bignamist.

She—Married you? Well, I should say not! Why, you have no family to speak of.

He—Of course not. Otherwise I wouldn't be in a position to marry you.

Ambleextrous.

Assent—That's a great mile of yours, uncle. How does he work?

Uncle—Like—This mule, sah, he done work bote ways.

Assent—Both ways?

Uncle—Like—Yes, sah; he kin klick jes' as well as his front legs as his hind ones.—Philadelphia Press.

High Water Mark.

Mr. Cityman—How long has your mother kept summer boarders?

Sasha Pankinitch—She kept one two weeks ago.—Philadelphia Record.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSONS FOR OCTOBER 8.

EXPOSITION BY JOSHUA B. STANLEY.

Joshua Encouraged.

Josh. 1:1-11.

Joshua ranks with David as a military leader. They were the two great warriors of the Hebrews, and Joshua can surely be regarded as inferior to David when the difficulties he had to contend with are estimated. His personality is less clearly revealed to us than that of Moses; most that we hear of him is a chronicle of campaigns and battles, rather than a revelation of character, and sources and times are the two most striking qualities that are displayed. Only a careful study of Joshua's military history in connection with the geography of Palestine, such as is indicated in George Adam Smith's "Historical Geography of the Holy Land," can show how great was his skill as a strategist and how great his courage in attacking some of the strong positions of the enemy.

This lesson shows the source of his confidence—the divine promise of success. When Moses had disappeared from among the people it must have seemed to many of the wisest men among the Hebrews that a great calamity had befallen them. The loss of his guidance, wisdom, serene faith, might under other circumstances have opened the door to ruinous disorder and vacillation, and the consequent annihilation of the tribes by the hostile nations that surrounded them. But God never left his people without a leader—more than that, a trained leader, one who had been preparing for leadership during previous years. Joshua had been Moses' companion and helper for many years, in the closest association with him, observing his methods and absorbing his spirit. He was ready for command, for he had learned to obey.

The Promised Land.

"The land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel," is the name given to the country which Joshua was directed to invade. There was a fitness in this, and from the fact that the land was the ancestral home for four generations of the Hebrews. That part of it which lay between Hebron and Shechem, especially, was sacred ground for them, containing the sites of their "ancestral" homes and their early places of worship. They were not going into a land utterly strange, but going back home.

The limits of the land as indicated are the largest limits ever reached. Joshua's actual conquests, as is evident on reading the book which bears his name, covered no such extent of territory. But this was the faith of the people, not of God's plan. The tribes were content to settle down after having half done their work, and to live with their enemies half subdued living within striking distance of them. This was the original cause of the accursed situation and acceptance of health customs and worship which troubled Israel throughout later history.

The view of the land which they had from the eastern bank of Jordan was far narrower than that which Moses had from the mountain. One wonders if they would have had larger purposes and larger courage if they had seen their first view of the land and formed their first impressions from a high point instead of a valley. It is a great thing to get one's first impressions from a high point. A young man who sees life first from a mountain top will not be so easily discouraged as the one who begins his life climbing from the one who begins with a valley view.

God with Us.

Joshua's own name means "God with Us." "Joshua," "Jehovah Will Save," and his whole life is a history of divine help. What he did he did because God was with him. This fact made him strong. It made him able to expect large things and to make and carry out large plans. His strength and courage were rooted in eternity. One compares him with other great generals of the ages, and he is identified their cause with God's will and have thrown the responsibility of ultimate success upon him, thereby increasing the vigor of their own administration, and commanding the confidence of armies.

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It is an idea that persists in some quarters within the Christian church to-day—the idea that to be within the pale of God's people by some ecclesiastical relation is to be sure of salvation. This dangerous error is more consistent to state churches or denominations, than to state churches or denominations. It crops out in Baptist circles once in a while. So contrary is it to the essence of spiritual religion that its effect on morals is disastrous.

Joshua, having received his commission, proceeded at once to execute it. "Do the first thing," was his motto, and to get across the river was the first thing. May mercifully God help the people in obeying this first command will be told in the next lesson.

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"Yes, there was that much gain on my shoes."

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He—Of course not. Otherwise I wouldn't be in a position to marry you.

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FACTS FROM LAST CENSUS.

Steady Decline in Illiteracy During the Last Decade.

The changes that have occurred during the last two decades in the illiteracy of the inhabitants of this country are of an interesting character as detailed in the last report on population of the "Twelfth Census." In 1890 of the aggregate population of ten years of age or over 17 per cent were illiterate. In the census of 1880 the percentage of illiterates was 23.3 per cent, which, in the census of 1900, had sunk to 10.7 per cent. This indicates a steady decline in that class of our people who are entirely without education. This decline is most marked in the colored race. Thus, in 1880 there were 4,000,207 colored persons, male and female, living in the United States of 10 years and over; and of this number 3,229,573 could neither read nor write, thus giving a proportion of 80.7 per cent of illiterates. But in 1890 the illiterates of negro descent had fallen to 67.1 per cent, and by the census of 1900 it was shown that a still further decline had taken place and that only 44.5 per cent can now be thus classified. The number of foreign illiterates among our foreign white population appears to remain about constant. In those of this class over 10 years of age there were 12 per cent of illiterates in 1880, 12.1 per cent in 1890 and 12.9 per cent in 1900. On the other hand, among the native whites this limitation upon intelligence seems to be slowly passing away. Of the native white population of over 10 years of age it was found in 1880 that 8.7 per cent were illiterate. This number was reduced in 1890 to 6.2 per cent, and still further reduced in 1900 to 4.6 per cent. The greatest gain in this last respect seems to have been made in the Southern States. Thus, for example, in Georgia in 1880 23.3 per cent of the native white population of 10 years and over could neither read nor write, but in 1900 this proportion had been reduced to 11.3 per cent, and the reduction holds true in nearly all of the Gulf States. In Georgia in 1880 only 18.4 per cent of the colored population above 10 years of age could read and write, but now this proportion has increased to 47.7 per cent. We have given this simply as an illustration of the way in which a gradual and highly satisfactory change is taking place among our people. Education is not everything; in fact, a thoroughly educated man may be an entirely disreputable character, but in a free country, where the government depends on the will of the majority, it is essential that intelligence rather than ignorance should control public policy, and unless citizens can read and write it is hardly possible to have this necessary result secured.

A Division of Burdens.

According to a teacher in one of the Indian schools, the boys recognized with some amusement her attempt to teach them contrails to women. She writes:

"In my flag drill last Friday the partners were a boy and a girl, and where the lines intersected to form a cross I taught the boys to let their partners go first, and much trouble I had to do it. After the exercises Isaac Crane came up to me, and in his solemn way said:

"Miss B—In letting the girls pass in front of the boys you have struck at the root of an Indian national custom."

"How so, Isaac?"

"It is the custom for the man to go first, carrying his dignity, and for the woman to follow, carrying everything else."

A Catch in the Back.

Grand View, Iowa, Sept. 29th.—Mrs. Lydia Parker, of this place, says:

"I was troubled with backache all the time for years. When I would stoop over a chair would take me in the back and I could not straighten up for some time."

"I tried everything I could think of but got no relief till I sent and got Dodd's Kidney Pills."

"I used one box and part of another before the trouble all left me, but now I am well and strong and I have not been troubled with my back for some months."

"I believe my cure is a permanent one and I am very grateful indeed to Dodd's Kidney Pills for what they have done for me."

"I would most heartily recommend them to anyone suffering with lame back, for I believe they will cure any case of this kind."

An Engagement.

Summer Hotel Clerk (to bride and groom)—Do you wish a northern or a southern exposure?

Bride (blushing)—Oh, please, sir, no exposure at all—Santé!

A boon to travelers. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Cures dysentery, diarrhoea, sore throat, nausea. Pleasant to take. Acts promptly.

Handed was a monstrous cater, particularly of breakfast pie. One of these pies weighed from two to three pounds, and the composer of the "Mescal" would often consume a whole pie at a sitting.

Hall's Cataract Cure. Is constitutional cure. Price 75 cents.

True leaviness is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before the world.—Hocheloucan.

Only one remedy in the world that will at once stop itchiness of the skin in any part of the body. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Canada has become quite a cotton manufacturing country, and for persons realize that 350,000 cotton spindles are running. Sept. 24, 1901.

There are 100 canals and pumping stations in Texas and Louisiana each capable of flooding 1,000 acres of rice.

PURMAN FADELESS DYES are fast to light and washing.

A watch that makes five beats a second makes 422,000 a day or nearly 155,000,000 a year.

FITS. Dr. J. C. Fowler's Cure. No more nervousness, no more fits, no more pain. Cures all cases of epilepsy, fits, spasms, etc. Price 75 cents. Dr. J. C. Fowler's Cure. No more nervousness, no more fits, no more pain. Cures all cases of epilepsy, fits, spasms, etc. Price 75 cents.

A lovely breakfast is entirely prepared from Mrs. Austin's Malted Flour.

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WHEN THE BIRDS GO NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds go north again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's veins turn crimson—
And the birds go north again.

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Story of Two Letters.

Dr. Ian Fraser and Jim Grant, his college chum, met on a busy street of Ayr after a long separation. Dr. Fraser was Ayr's most popular physician, and Grant was a Glasgow journalist. After a few hearty words of greeting, Dr. Fraser dragged his friend home with him to dinner.

Half an hour later, as they sat in the doctor's cozy bachelor rooms exchanging reminiscences across the dinner table, Jim's eyes crossed to light upon a photo on a side table, and he grew pale.

"You have a photo there that recalls some bitter memories to me," he said.

"Whose?"

"Mrs. Forrest's. You know her?"

"Pretty well. She's been one of my patients for a while," and the doctor nodded slightly.

"His friend observed it, and shook his head."

"Ian, my lad, I can see you're becoming one of the moths."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"I hope your wings have not been so badly singed at the flame as mine were. But let me explain. It was at Brodick last summer that I met Mrs. Forrest for the first time. You know what she is like—young, not more than twenty-five, though four years a widow, beautiful as a Greek goddess, and, fascinating, beyond words. A few days of increasing intimacy and I was blindly in love—as, blindly. For three weeks I was at her beck and call. Then the awakening came, and one night when I parted from her at the garden gate, the lips that had returned my kisses bade me a final good-bye, with the smiling hope that I had spent a pleasant holiday."

"He paused a moment, gazing bitterly at the photo, while the doctor's face became hard and set."

"I was one of the moths," he continued, with a mirthless laugh, "and I have since learned that we are quite a large and varied collection."

"The doctor's face was as pale as that of his friend, and his voice was husky as he said:

"I'm sorry for you, lad; but perhaps you have sated me in time."

"Ah!"

"Ay, she plays her cards well, and I've been blind, or I would have seen that. I met her for the first time about two months ago, when she had a coming-out accident on my consulting rooms, and was brought in. She had sprained her ankle, she said, and after attending to it I drove to her house in Racecourse road."

"At her request, I called occasionally, because there was necessity for all the injury that I could discover. Then her daughter, Marjory, a dear little girl of four, took whooping cough, and my visits though nominally professional, gradually became more frequent, and more friendly. During the last week I have been attending her for a cold, and I had promised to call tonight; but after what I have heard I shall write a note of apology, and break off my relationship with her."

Three hours later this fascinating young widow who regarded her life's mission as the breaking of men's hearts sat in her room with an open letter in her hand, her face changing color as she read:

"Dear Mrs. Forrest—Circumstances which I cannot here explain render it impossible for me to keep my appointment tonight, or indeed to claim a continuance of our present relationship; and I beg that from this time you will cease to regard me either as your medical advisor or acquaintance. In the interests of both of us it is better that we should not meet again, and I hope, therefore, that you will let me pass as quickly out of your mind as I entered it."

Yours truly,
"IAN FRASER."

Her first feeling was of anger and injured pride, then came the consciousness that this man had stirred her heart as no other had ever done.

"I will not lose him yet," she exclaimed.

II.

In the cool of the June evening the two friends passed arm and arm along the sands, breathing the freshness of the sea breeze and reveling in its freedom with the keen appreciation of the overworked.

Across the fifth rose the peaks of Aran purpled by the setting sun; in front the rock-built ruin of Greencastle stood clear against the amber sky.

As they drew near the castle a young woman who sat reading at the base of the rock suddenly raised her head and looked toward them.

"Hail!" whispered Jim. "That's surely a fair specimen of Ayr's bonnie lassies. Who is she?"

"I don't know. I haven't seen her before. Certainly she's very bonnie. But hullo! what's up?"

The girl had sprung to her feet, and was gazing anxiously up and down the beach. Presently her eyes rested on the summit of the rock, her face grew white as death, and she stood a moment as if spellbound. Then, with a horrified cry of "Marjory!" she had started toward the rock, and was struggling frantically up its steep side.

An upward glance revealed to the doctor the cause of her action. At the base of the castle wall, some sixty feet above the beach, is a ledge of rock not more than a foot in width, along which the footbridge of a bridge, passing, and mistake this narrowness for a certain death upon the rocks below. Half way along this narrow path, crawling on hands and knees, was the figure of a girl, and the woman's cry had helped the doctor to recognize the child as Marjory Forrest.

A few great strides and the two men reached the foot of the rock together; side by side, with the nimble, sure-footed strength of the days when as boys they had climbed the cliffs around their Highland home, they dashed up its precipitous flank, passed the struggling woman half way, and reached the top pantingly together.

Even as they turned the corner of the wall it seemed too late for the little one had become frightened, and was trying to turn back. There was no room, however; for a moment she swayed, then her childish hands slipped from the narrow ledge, and with a heartrending cry of "Auntie!" she fell.

But not to death; for the sinewy form of the doctor shot forward across the ledge, and his hand caught the fluttering dress in a grip of iron.

They found "Auntie" lying insensible at the foot of the rocks, down which she had fallen in her excitement, and while Marjory kissed her white face, saying pitiously—"Auntie, auntie! I'll be good now, auntie!" the two men worked to bring her back to consciousness.

Presently she looked up, recognized the little girl with a glad cry, and made to clasp her to her breast, but her left arm dropped helplessly, and she closed her lips as if in pain.

"Ah!" said the doctor, running his fingers over her arm; "you've broken it. Let me put it right!"

"It's very good of you to take so much trouble," she said, with a slight blush, lowering her eyes beneath his gaze.

"Not at all! It's quite in my line: I'm a doctor, you know!"

He had broken his own walking-stick and Jim's into splinters, and was bandaging her arm, handling it with a touch that was tender as a caress; and as his friend afterward declared, taking so long and fumbling so foolishly over it as to endanger his professional reputation in the eyes of his patient if she had been less interested in himself and more in his work.

"What a terrible thing it would have been if you hadn't come in time," she said with a shudder.

"I'm glad we were at hand—for Marjory's sake. She and I are old acquaintances. By the way, as a mutual friend she might have introduced us. My name is Ian Fraser. This is my friend, Jim Grant."

"Mine is Mona Forrest. I'm Marjory's aunt. I've just come over from Canada—for a three-months holiday, and am going to spend a week or two with my sister-in-law. Marjory's father was my only brother. I arrived in Ayr yesterday morning."

The doctor had finished his bandaging, and giving her his hand he helped her to her feet, only to find that the fall had twisted her ankle, and she was now unable to use it.

Half an hour later Jim arrived with a cab, and the four drove to Fernhill Villa, in Racecourse road. Dr. Fraser's meeting with Mrs. Forrest, coming so soon after the reception of his letter, was naturally strained, but each was more than willing now that the visits should be renewed, though for quite different reasons.

There is no need to tell of the weeks that followed, the daily visits. In due course the crisis came; and one night Dr. Fraser turned away from the front door of Fernhill Villa, staggering down the stairs like a man who is ill. She had gone. This fair Canadian girl who had given him the right to speak of love, and had become the center of his every earthly hope and aspiration, had left him without one word of warning, one breath of farewell.

III.

Another fortnight had dragged wearily past, and Dr. Fraser, pale and hollow-eyed, was crossing the Low Green when he came upon little Marjory Forrest. She was sitting upon a seat in the garden, and she had already reduced to a state of semi-nudity, and she hailed his coming with delight.

"Oh, doctor," she cried, gleefully, "come in, come in, come in!"

"Vaccinate Dolly?"

"Yes; same as everybody."

"Smiling at this reference to the small-pox scare, then at its height, he took the doll in his hand, and as he turned it over, the stamped corner of an envelope protruding from under the solitary garment which it now wore caught his eye.

He withdrew the envelope, but as he glanced at the writing the laugh died from his lips and his face grew white. It was addressed to "Miss Mona Forrest," the writing was his own, and there was a letter within.

"Where did you get this?" he demanded quickly.

"I got it under auntie's pillow after she got away."

"Does your mother know about it?"

"No, I just put it on Dolly's chest. Auntie never knew it, I think, 'cause it made her cry."

"Ah!"

He took the letter out and read it. The secret was revealed. It was the letter which he had written to Mrs. Forrest, the time of his friend's visit, but with two slight alterations that had made a world of difference in its effect. He had written the letter in June, using the Roman numeral (VI) to indicate the month. This, simply altered to VIII, an "8" added to "Mrs." and a dot over the somewhat indistinct "r" had changed the title to "Miss" and brought the date up to the time of his letter to Mona with bitter aptitude. There was but one woman who could hold the key to the mystery, and he sought her without delay.

Half an hour later he left the house with flushed face, but a glad light in his eyes, for he had wrung from Mrs. Forrest the confession of her deceit. That night in the bedroom of a London hotel a woman with two telegrams under her pillow lay awake, thinking of the early morning, when she stood on the platform of St. Pancras station awaiting the arrival of the Scotch express; a tall figure leaped from the still moving train, clasped her in his arms, and, heedless of the crowd, pressed his lips to hers in a never to be forgotten kiss of reunion.—New York News.

Human Life the Payment.

Every Advance of Civilization Demands Its Tribute of Blood and Pain.

NATIONS have been baptized in human blood, and each foundation stone of progress has crushed the life out of some mortal. We daily read the story of deaths that come through disease, deaths that we call natural, and then we read the startling accounts of deaths that come suddenly and unexpectedly, to the well, strong, vigorous and active mortals who are busily engaged in the work of the world.

These latter emphasize the terrible fact that every human advance, every evidence of progress, every improvement that means a higher civilization, every wonderful machine, every great engineering feat, every towering building and every work that has a firm stand as a monument to some life that has gone out that it might exist.

Digging and delving among the dry bones of statistics has resurrected figures full of interest in showing the value of a human life, not spared to disease and old age, but taken in the accomplishment of some work of human progress.

These figures show that through fierce war each square mile of territory gained or maintained by nations of the earth has cost a human life. Some have cost more, some less; but taking the world over, since history began, the records show a charge of one untimely death against each six hundred and forty acres.

Each pair of church spires that point toward the clouds stand for a monument to a grave somewhere. Since records of deaths by accident have been kept they show that the life on one mortal has gone out with each two churches reared. All buildings have taken part in the same work. A poorly constructed scaffold, an insecure fastening, a parting rope, a swinging timber, a loose board and scores of other things that tell of human fallibility have contrived to make this record.

Men have burrowed in the ground and dug their own graves—their first temporary resting places where they were to lie in death—where a moment before they were in active life. Every five miles of tunnel blasted from the rocks and dug from the earth requires the life of one man.

We gather heat, light and power from the sun-made coal that was stored for us centuries ago, and each million and a half tons of it costs one miner's life before it passes from its ancient bed to the surface of the ground.

Since man has delighted in life as bright and lasting, he has sought for gold and made from it the great lever that moves the world; but it has had its price. Each two million dollars of gold has asked for a human sacrifice and received it.

Since before the dawn of history, ships have spread their winglike sails and carried man from shore to shore, and recently-harassed steam has passed them in the race; but from the time when shipwrecks were first recorded until today the ships have demanded human toll, and at the end of each 50,000 miles that each one sails it drops a living soul into a never-resting sea, or casts it dead into the arms of the shore.

Where boats would not do man has suspended his bridges, and each one of these that spans navigable water marks the spot where a man was brought to his death through an accident.

So on the steel highways, where, through the energy of steam, we rush with the speed of the wind, the law says that one life must be given for each 500,000 travellers, and the law is obeyed.

Look where you will, these accidents confront you. Life with its requirements pays its way with life.—New York Herald.

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Look where you will, these accidents confront you. Life with its requirements pays its way with life.—New York Herald.

Education by the Way.

By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A MAN is fortunate if he can give up his youth entirely to the business of getting education, but no man need remain uneducated because he is compelled to go to work while others are at school or college. There is no excuse, today, for the ignorant man; the man who can use his eyes and remains ignorant, no matter what his condition may be, remains ignorant by choice, not by necessity. No man need leave his work for one hour in order to gain an education; he can educate himself while he works. This is precisely what a great many of the best men have done. The story of American life, especially, is full of examples of boys and men who have turned a working life into a continuous school, and have passed from grade to grade in this school, not only with widening knowledge, but also with steadily increasing efficiency in their various trades and occupations. These men are picked out of the crowd of workers who are doing, and their absence from grumbling. They do not make the blunder of supposing that their conditions in life, their success or failure, are decided by other people; they have resolutely taken to heart the great, decisive truth that while conditions have much to do with the choice of tools and a vocation, each man determines for himself how large or how small a man he will be, and how important or unimportant he will make himself to his employer, or in his work. If men were more intent upon making themselves masters of their vocation, and less intent on getting the most they can in the way of wages, and giving the least they can in the way of labor and devotion, there would be a great addition to the ranks of those workers who are both successful and happy. The man who works simply for the wage at the end of the week, and only does what is necessary to get it, keeps himself down. The man who, in skill and devotion, is always ahead of the demand of his work, is on the highway to independence. He who would succeed must not only work, but educate himself as he works.—Success.

A Light Heart Under Failure.

By Richard Le Gallienne.

A LIGHT heart under failure is a condition of success which may be written down as an essential. No one should need to be warned against the deleterious effects of the blues. Nothing deadens the heart of enterprise, or instillings the nerves of action, like a fit of the blues. In one of those beautiful prayers which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote for us, in his Samoan household, he prayed for "courage and gaiety and a quiet mind." A man who backs up his brains with these three gifts has all the odds in his favor. It is next to impossible that he should fail in what he undertakes to accomplish.

Gaiety is the essence of power. What is there in a failure or two to cry about, or in a dozen failures, when you know you are bound to get there? Success is not an external trophy; not something you have to hunt or ensnare, like a bird. Success inheres in oneself, or in every true piece of work one does. Not the most powerful opposition, not the bitterest or meanest under-estimation, can do more than delay any success we really deserve. Ultimately, we and our work must be assessed at its proper value; and, though we may be dead when the time comes, we shall have succeeded none the less. Every day we hear of men succeeding in their graves. But that only means that the world was slow to see that they had succeeded years ago, while they were living and working with us. The men, themselves, we may be sure, though robbed of temporary rewards, knew, deep in their hearts, that they had succeeded, and confidently left their work behind to "report them and their cause aright," when the time should come for its value to be understood. To be misunderstood, to be vilified, to be laughed at, to die poor and unregarded, is not to fail. So long as you know, without a shadow of doubt, that your work is real, and that the very universe is committed to take care of it, and compel its recognition, you can afford to die with a smile on your lips, or the smugness of success filling your heart.

Grown From Sugar.

English and American girls just reaching womanhood, and the next generation in its early teens, are unusually tall, standing a head or more above their mothers, have been remarked on over and over again, and been made the subject of learned disquisitions. Yet no generally accepted cause has been given for the fact up to this time.

Now comes a London physician of note and says it is simply a case of lengthened sweetness. "Sweetness" in this particular case the nature of the young ladies is not referred to, but their diet. In fact, statistics of recent years show that Americans and Britons of both sexes are increasing in height and weight. Why? The physician referred to says it is sugar.

Great Britain and America are the sugar eating nations of the world, and have quadrupled their saccharine consumption in the last score of years.

This is now the best explanation of an accepted fact, and it will have to stand until a better one comes along.

Dr. Livingston's Compass.

Mr. Commissioner Sharpe in his report on British Central Africa, says that a recent incident at Tete, on the Zambezi River, has been the recovery by Mr. Vice-Consul Wallis of the old compass used by Dr. Livingston on his Zambian journey. It is a French ship's compass, which has been fitted with sights in order to simplify the task of observation in the darkness.

It had been for many years in the possession of a Portuguese gentleman at Tete.—Westminster Gazette.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

My mamma has a watch of gold, It tells the time of day, I'm told, And in the front where she can see A little picture is, of me.

She has more pictures, in a book, That the photographer-man took, When I was two, and three, and four; And when I'm five, there'll be one more.

But you don't know how I was surprised When I looked in my papa's eyes To see as plain as plain could be Two little pictures there, of me.

—Lydia Hall, in Good Housekeeping.

HOW TO MAKE A BALLOON.

A good balloon can be made by securing a thin rubber bag, which you would have to have specially made with a light metal stop. Take this to a soda water manufacturer and have it charged with gas. Then rig a net of thin fishing line around it, tying all the ends to a light hoop, which should fit around the lower part of the rubber bag. From this suspend a very light basket with cord, and you have your balloon finished. Be sure and have a string to it. The more string the higher you can send it.

WHEN THE QUEEN WAS A GIRL.

Certain circumstances at the court made Prince Christian Frederick, Queen Alexandra's father, elect to bring up his family in a semi-private manner, and he lived in the old-fashioned mansion which still stands in the principal street of Copenhagen. Here a homely, simple life was led, and the children who were destined to be kings, empresses, and queens slept in modest bedrooms, the windows of which looked out upon the old coach yard.

One afternoon there was a tea party in the woods at Bernstorff, and the three sisters had a few little girl friends with them. After their tea they swung on the low boughs of the great trees and felt to talking, as children do, of what they wanted in life. Each like the maid had her say. The Princess Dagmar wished to be very grand and great, and have all obey her. The present Duchess of Cumberland would ask her fairy if she gave her a wish that she might be wonderfully beautiful. When it came to Queen Alexandra's turn she said: "Well, I should like to be very good and have everybody love me very much."—Chicago Chronicle.

A JELLYFISH'S TRAP.

The jellyfish, as it sails gracefully through the clear surface water of the sea is a living trap of the most deadly kind. There is floating about him in all directions and to a distance (in the largest ones) of several feet a perfect tangle of extremely delicate ribbons, like the flying hair of a Medusa head, which are as transparent as glass and as deadly as poison to all small swimmers. Let a minnow or shrimp or some one of the hundreds of sorts of young creatures that float in the ocean run against these unseen threads, and they will cling to him, envelop him in multiplied and ever-fastening threads from which these exudes a poison that paralyzes his efforts. And so he is caught and held and gradually brought up to the body of the jellyfish to be devoured. Now, this is not only a living trap, but includes a lure as well, for the jellyfish is phosphorescent, and its pulsating flashes of light attract the attention of the small creatures who swim toward their ruin. Undoubtedly one of the effects, if not purposes (a word that must be used very cautiously in natural history), of the phosphorescence that belongs to so many marine animals is to act as an attraction to animals that are needed as food.

INSECTS ENTICED BY BIRDS.

It has not been known until recently that birds do anything in the way of luring victims within their power—or at any rate, anything further than the use our sparrowhawk makes of his "honey-pots." This bird is the American yellow-bellied woodpecker, which digs hundreds of little pits in the bark of sweet-sapped trees such as the apple, basswood and maple (producing in the latter the injuries that result in "bird's-eye maple"), and greedily drinks the sap which exudes besides eating a certain quantity of the layer of soft-growing wood beneath the bark. But it has been shown by experiments with captives that when fed wholly or mainly upon this sap the bird starves. The largest part of its fare, in fact, must consist of insects, and some naturalists believe that the primary object of the woodpecker in digging his circles of holes in the tree bark is to form a bait for insects. Certainly it is, that as soon as the sap flows insects gather and buzz in swarms about the honeyed exudation and that the bird returns again and again during the day to his tree, gathering the bugs that have been caught in the sticky little cups or in the drippings on the bark, or snapping them from the air, as he is very skillful in doing.

In Tenerife two warblers, familiar in Great Britain as the blackcap and the garden warbler, are each accustomed to puncture the calyx of certain large flowers, particularly those of the hibiscus and abutilon, causing a little sweet liquid to exude from the nutritious juices of the blossom. This is attractive to many small insects, and the birds make the rounds of their punctured flowers and so obtain food without the need of hunting.

How far the result obtained is intentional on the part of these birds is a moot point, but at any rate it may be accepted as fostered by natural selection and has now, perhaps, become instinctive.—New York World.

THEY DO NOT EAT DUCK.

The people in Honan, says Alice Hamilton Rich in Leslie's Weekly, do not eat ducks, especially wild ducks.

No one is allowed to kill them; it is regarded almost like killing a person. The reason for this is found in the following story:

Long, long ago, there was a widow who had a very bright son. The brother-in-law, because the widow refused to marry him, took away all the property and turned the widow and son out to die. The mother found some work, but being afraid the wicked uncle would kill her son, she sent him far away, but the god of good luck took the boy for his brother and went with him. He was very, very fortunate and finally became an Emperor. It then became his duty to find his mother, not only because he was anxious to care for her, but also because she only knew where were the ancestral tablets and graves. Great rewards were offered for her discovery and all the mandarins put out proclamations to that effect. Finally, a wise man came to the Emperor and asked him what kind of birds lived in his province (the king did not know in what province he was born). The Emperor replied that he remembered as a child seeing, in spring, great numbers of wild ducks. The wise man then said, "Give me a letter written to your mother and I will send it to her." The Emperor was very glad to do this, although he greatly wondered how it would be possible for the wise man to know where to send this letter.

One day the poor widow was washing rice at a pool when a wild duck came, fluttering down at her side, but something seemed wrong with its wing. On examining it she found there was a letter attached to it. She thought the letter must surely have come from the gods, so carried it to the village elders. On their examination, they found it was addressed to the widow, and brought not only good news to her, but good fortune also to the whole village. Word was sent to the Emperor, who first rewarded the wise man, then sent a handsome cart, accompanied with a long procession of mandarins and their attendants, bearing banners and rich presents to all in the village who had been kind to his mother. He also punished all who had been unkind. Many of the young men of the village were called to the Emperor's court, and the taxes for that whole province were lightened, and in gratitude the officials declared that henceforth the wild duck was to be free from all danger.

To this day no one is permitted to kill this bird, as they still believe that it is a good luck bird.

THE FIRST TAILLESS KITES.

The Eiffel Tower, in the Champ de Mars, Paris, is 984 feet high; the tallest structure ever built by man; the Washington monument is 555 feet high, but as the top of the earth's atmosphere is more than forty-five miles straight above us, man's ingenuity has until within a few years been unable to record conditions of the atmosphere. You can imagine the astonishment, then, when some scientists sent a modern tailless kite first five thousand, then nine thousand and twelve thousand feet above the earth's surface.

Kites and boys have gone together since history began. The Chinese have long since fitted them to play curious music, as they float, to frighten evil spirits away!

But the tailless kite is one of great power, to pierce to great distances, even to hit a man. The first tailless kite, invented by a Jerseyman, W. A. Eddy, was modeled after the kite so long used by the Malays; it looked like the old-fashioned boys' kite, except that it was a few years ahead of time. Following this invention came one by Lawrence Hargrave, of Australia, which consisted of a light-box frame with a band of cloth at one end.

Mr. Eddy won the name of "Kite King" from his remarkable experiments, which resulted from his attempts to amuse his little daughter, and it was he who first sent a camera aloft. This camera had an ingeniously devised shutter, which resulted in a perfect birdseye picture of the earth below. Afterward he made valuable photographs of New York and other places.

Following Mr. Eddy's experiments, Lawrence Hargrave, Captain B. Baden-Powell, of the Scots Guards; Lieutenants Hugh D. Wise, of the United States Army, and Charles H. Lawson, of Portland, Me., have proved that a kite can carry a man high in the air; the last named was carried more than fifty feet by a single kite. All of these men had various accidents, but to the earnest experimenter the more difficulties there are to overcome, the greater the zest with which the problems are tackled.

The Weather Bureau at Washington, with its kite wire reeled by steam power, would have astonished the boys of fifteen years ago. And Benjamin Franklin, were he living today, would doubtless marvel at development of his discovery. Mr. Eddy has succeeded in drawing electric sparks from a clear sky as well as from clouds, and for this purpose he uses a "copper collector" on his kite.

What boys are to follow in the footsteps of the great men who are now developing the means of transit through the air, with the elements only as motive power?—New York Tribune.

Recent fatal accidents to Alpine climbers recall the gloomy fact that in the last ten years 275 accidents, involving 301 deaths, have occurred to people climbing the Alps. Yet for every death recorded between three and four thousand persons make the journey in safety.

The Eastern Alps account for fully half the accidents; the Central Alps, including Switzerland, claiming 37 per cent, and the Western Alps the remainder. Germany and Austria have paid the heaviest toll in lives, 150 deaths having occurred as the result of the expeditions; the Swiss come next with 48; Italians follow in order with 23, and England with 18. Seven women are numbered among the victims, not a surprisingly large number, considering how many women risk the climb nowadays. Over seventy guides and close upon twenty porters have sacrificed their lives in ministering to the pleasure of those who have braved the perils of the mountains.